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PITTSFIELD,
SPRING 1847

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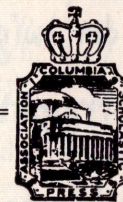


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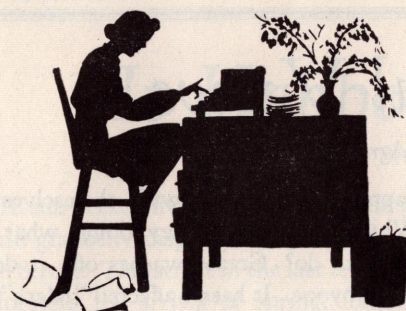
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Two Springs

The blooming freshness of the budding
 Besprinkled by the silver drops of dew,
 The matchless beauty of the tranquil blue
 Are signs of spring and youthful gaiety
 Replenished after winter's penury;
 But now the world once more is blithe
 and now
 And tinted with a shining, roseate hue
 As flowers thrive, now bright, now fair,
 now free.

The tender twig, the green and slender
 bough
 Grow straight in all the glory of the
 day;
 And youth, as stalwart as the
 strongest tree,
 Possessing still its smooth, unwrinkled
 brow,
 Looks forward at this world
 without dismay,
 With eyes that earthly cares do not
 yet see.

Alma Rosenfield



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

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This Question of Smoking

By Janet Clark

THERE is at the present time a situation in our school which is provoking much comment; namely, the widespread smoking engaged in on the school grounds.

Everyone is aware of the rule which prohibits smoking; everyone is also aware of the strong odor of smoke that fills our corridors particularly between periods and after lunch. While some maintain that students are entitled to smoke if they wish to do so, others dislike the practice which has recently become so prevalent. Here, then, is a problem which cries for discussion and solution, but little seems to be done about it.

There are several possible solutions to the problem. Each of us, as students, should have some solution in mind. Which one, if any, of these solutions do you advocate?

First, absolute prohibition of smoking. This would in all probability result in the suspension or expulsion of violators, with the purpose of driving home to students a realization of the fruitlessness of attempting to "get away" with violation of a smoking rule strictly enforced.

Second, special rooms designated for smoking. This plan has been adopted by a few neighboring schools, and many P.H.S. pupils think we should do likewise. This solution would provide a welcome relief from the smoke fumes which now permeate the air,

and students who want to smoke would not find it necessary to sneak into the girls' or boys' room to do so.

Third, discussion by the Student Council as to a possible solution. The purpose of a democratic school government is to regulate school life in conjunction with the faculty. Pupils have proved in the past that they are capable and fair in meeting various school problems. Why not let our own representatives try to arrive at a solution to this problem?

Fourth, passive acceptance of the present situation. At present we have a smoking rule that is not strictly enforced. Attempts to patrol the girls' and boys' rooms have resulted in failure to produce any change in the prevailing condition. Should we continue under this present system—that of half-hearted attempts at enforcement, and resolution by the smokers that they will continue to smoke?

The most democratic solution would seem to be the third. The opinions of the Student Council have always been valued by faculty and students alike, and it seems only fair that our school government have a hand at solving the problem. There seems little point in maintaining a school government if it is not vested with some power to regulate school life.

Vocational Views

By Arnold B. Arrowitz

I DON'T imagine that a great many of you have had to meet a magazine deadline. Unfortunately THE PEN has a deadline, and it always seems to be a short time off. This happens to be the situation with your correspondent once again this month, and I find myself in the very difficult situation of trying to find some inspiration, somewhere, somehow. So folks, just lay aside your wrenches, turn off your machines, and bear with me awhile.

As I sit here racking my dull brain for ideas, I can not help but think of what is happening in the Vocational department as they receive their copies of this magazine. As you probably already know, the Vocational School remains in session thirty minutes longer than the rest of the school. The boys do not have to return to their home rooms after school is dismissed, so their PENS are distributed while they are still in shop. Work stops, the boys relax, and peruse THE PEN. Whether or not they are pleased with what is before them is difficult to determine, but for Janet Clark's sake, let's say they are.

In the machine shop there is silence, except for an occasional laugh or remark about the humor column, which is, of course, read first after the pictures are taken care of. Across the hall the honorable, remarkably intelligent draftsmen are busy as usual, drawing, of course. (Who am I trying to kid?) In the printing shop, the boys also find themselves exploring the contents of THE PEN. The boys here gaze through THE PEN with the thoughts of type sets, spacing and so forth. The literary content takes a close second place. So, throughout the shops, discipline is at a stand still, but I dare say the teachers are reading THE PEN also.

However, the vocational curriculum is not all fun and relaxation. The next day work again begins, and work it is,—hard work, but still fun. Grease and dirt covering your body, and still happy? You bet the boys are

happy, and satisfied with themselves also. Why not? Aren't they doing what they want to do? Grease washes off; it doesn't hurt anyone. It hasn't affected "Merk" Contenta yet. You know "Merk". He's the president of the Junior Class, and he is also the pride of the Vocational Department. Need I go any further? Congratulations to the P.H.S. Junior class for finally waking up to vocational leadership potentialities.

THE COVER DESIGN

Editor's Note

The cover on this month's STUDENT'S PEN is a sketch of North Street drawn from an old photograph, taken around 1847. The picture depicts the street looking south from Depot Street. The church on the left is the old First Baptist Church, long since demolished to make room for the Onota Building. The portion of the building at the extreme right is where England Brothers now stands. At the end of the street the park may be seen, and beyond it, the building which now houses WBRK. At this time the building had a slanted roof and a stairway on the west side. One of the oldest pieces of property on North Street today is the Dunham Block, which would now stand at the extreme left. At the time of the photograph this property contained Mr. Dunham's house, around which a few years later the block was built. It is interesting to note that many of the doors and some of the framework in the block today belong to the original house, which had stood a considerable time even before the construction of the block was begun. It is also interesting to note that this property has been in the family's hands for more than one hundred years.

Bruce Mattoon, who drew the cover design and wrote the essay "It Happened in 1847", is a great-grandson of the Mr. Dunham mentioned in the essay.

It Happened in 1847

By Bruce Mattoon

THE sun peeked from behind the buildings and gradually dispersed the shadows on North Street. This street in the last few days had foretold the arrival of spring, forming ruts through which water slowly made its way. Pittsfield on this fine spring day in April, 1847, slowly blinked her eyes; yawned a bit, and began her round of activities.

The George N. Dutton and Company Hardware Store stood at the south corner



PITTSFIELD,
SPRING 1847

of North and Fenn Streets. A clerk lazily rolled the grinding wheels and wheelbarrows out to their places in front of the shop, and pausing, shifted his gaze down the street towards Mr. James Dunham's house. Then he reached into his vest pocket and brought forth a large watch, looked at it, held it to his ear, and looked at it again. Under his breath he murmured that Mr. Dunham was late starting out on his morning constitutional.

So he was, and for an excellent reason, too, for Mr. James Dunham had a great decision to make this day. For a while now Mr. Dunham had noticed the growth of Pittsfield, a growth in which his house seemed to be the hub. Now the difficult problem confronting Mr. Dunham was should he construct around his house a building of three floors to be named the Dunham Block, corner of Dunham and North Streets. As the good Deacon sat in his parlor pondering over this question, he

glanced through the vine-covered window and noticed his friend Henry Shaw stepping from the barber shop across the street.

Mr. Shaw was another man with a perplexed mind. He fully realized his new, prominent position in town and had spent more than one night awake, tossing in bed wondering if he was capable of filling it successfully. He was president of the Berkshire County Savings Bank, Incorporated, now in existence one year. Mr.

Shaw paused, looked around the town, took a deep breath, and started down the street. Clicking his gold headed cane on the flagstone sidewalk, he made his way across the park towards Bank Row, where the Berkshire County Savings Bank was located. He tipped his top-hat politely, made an inaudible salutation to someone, and entered the bank. This "someone" proved to be the amiable Mrs. Thomas F. Plunkett, who was accompanied by her young son, William R. Mrs. Plunkett proceeding up North Street, stopped in front of an office near the corner of Depot Street, and motioned to her son, pointing out a door. Now William, it appeared, was none too happy about all this and wistfully peered around for some possible reason for escape. Seeing none, he lowered his head and reluctantly unlatched the door belonging to T. Crossett—Dertist.

Mrs. Plunkett gave a little sigh, daintily

lifted her swishing skirt and proceeded across North Street towards one of her favorite shops—M. A. Chapman's Millinery and Fancy Goods.

The shop's bell tinkled, summoning the clerk from the rear of the store. She smiled pleasantly, made a polite remark of recognition, and proceeded to relate to Mrs. Plunkett just why her linen handkerchiefs had not come through. Shipments from abroad, she said, had been delayed by storms at sea. Mrs. Plunkett turned to leave the shop.

Now, it happened that at this particular instant a young man ran by the shop's window shouting at the top of his lungs that there was a grass fire of considerable size on South Street.

"How very safe one feels with such excellent fire protection," remarked Mrs. Plunkett, turning once more to the shop-keeper. "Since the installation of the Housatonic Fire Company three years ago, I certainly feel much more secure."

The fire horses raced down the street, pulling an odd looking contraption of a fire engine, and all the by-standers looked after it with wide-eyed amazement.

When the excitement attendant on the fire had subsided, Mrs. Plunkett was about to emerge from the shop, but a friend entering, they engaged in a lively discussion of plans for the new Pittsfield Library Association.

"The idea," said Mrs. Plunkett, "is to form a permanent and general library for the town, with books of lasting value. All popular literature should be excluded."

The shopkeeper ventured to assert that she feared education was progressing much too fast.

"Already I find my own son can out-write me. Do you realize that we have fifteen school districts in this town?"

Mrs. Plunkett nodded her head approvingly at this revelation and looked down at

the glossy tip of her high shoe, protruding out from under her silk skirt.

"I personally feel," she said glancing up, "that we are not over-stepping the bounds. Education is a splendid thing, and we need more of it if Pittsfield is to progress."

With a bright smile, Mrs. Plunkett concluded her conversation and stepped out on to the sidewalk, giving a "Good morning" to Mr. Phineas Allen, Pittsfield's faithful postmaster. Then she stood still, scrutinized the activities on North Street approvingly, and murmured to herself, "Pittsfield certainly is growing. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some day it might become a city."

1947 "MUSIC"

By Lillian Torrero

The music stores are filled with the teen-age crowd,

The girls sigh and swoon as Frankie croons aloud.

From the platter come rhythm and the solid beat,

That all the "chicks" dance to and shout, "All Reet!"

The discs run wild as Dorsey does his stuff,
And our poor parents cry, "Stop, that's enough!!"

The walls at home quiver, and the neighbors go insane,

When the "coke-set" comes over for a short, "quiet" game.

There's Spike Jones and Kenton, and of course there's Bing,

Who all go to town with that wonderful "swing."

Now don't get us wrong. We like symphonies, too;

But we're only young once, so what can we do?

Spring

By Grace Halsey

EDWARD S. COOPER, III, his thoughts intent on his current "one and only", walked slowly up the flagstone path to his house. His kid sister Betty, sitting on the porch steps eating bread and jam, looked at him intently. Edward, at the ripe old age of sixteen, was a constant source of wonder to his seven-year-old sister. Right now he appeared to be walking in a trance. But Betty didn't seem to have any respect for his trance-like tendencies, for she shouted in that shrill voice common to all small girls,

"Eddie, what's the matter, what's the matter, huh?"

Edward S. Cooper, III, returned to this world with a jolt, and looked down at the source of this minor uproar.

"My dear child, must you be so loud? You really are becoming a problem. I must speak to Mother about you."

And with a grand gesture, he swept by his sister into the house.

"Mother, you simply must do something about that child. Look at her out there. Why she looks like a little tramp. Good heavens, I'd think that you would be ashamed to call her your daughter."

Mrs. Cooper, who knew very well her son's susceptible nature, asked patiently, "Who is it this time, Ed?"

Edward, not at all surprised at his mother's ability to read his mind, cried out, "Oh Mother, she's wonderful. She's the most beautiful creature on earth. But if she sees that horrid child, what will she think of my family?"

"Well now, dear, Betty isn't so very bad," his mother said gently.

"Not so bad! Do you realize that the last time I went out with a girl, she and that other little pest across the street, followed us to the show, and sat behind us and poked me and

giggled all through it? She must be stopped before Linda Jones and I go out tonight."

Just then Betty's shrill cry broke the momentary silence.

"Ma, come see Ruth and me!"

Mrs. Cooper hurried to the window expecting almost anything. There under the window Betty and Ruth Alcorn, the little girl from across the street, were moving along in a manner which caused Mrs. Cooper to begin to doubt her eyes. They were walking, bent over at the waist, their knees stiff, so that their heads almost touched the ground.

"Well, girls, I suppose not every one can walk like inverted V's but now Betty has to come in and wash for dinner."

As she hurried through her dessert, Betty received strict orders from Ed on how a younger sister should behave. "And remember, I'm going out with Linda Jones tonight, and you let us alone." Betty looked solemnly at her mother but made no reply.

An hour later as Edward and Linda were strolling to the neighborhood theater, Edward became increasingly conscious of the snickers of people they passed. Looking around, he gasped to see Betty and Ruth walking behind them, walking like inverted V's! Anger and embarrassment swept over him like a tide.

That night in his room Edward thought bleakly of his dismal future. Linda's words still rang in his brain.

"I refuse to be humiliated in this manner. You needn't bother to see me again."

These words seemed to be a death sentence to him. But he would never forget her. He would rise in the world and always remember Linda, forgetting her cruel words. With this noble thought uppermost in his mind he went to sleep.

The next morning with the air of a man nobly overcoming misery, he left the house. A few houses down the street a new family was moving in. Still child enough to find this exciting, Edward stopped to watch. A very pretty girl, obviously a member of this new family, was sitting on the porch reading. Edward took a second look.

At noon Edward burst into the house. His face was eager and excited.

"Mother, I've just met the most wonderful girl!"

Pathways

By Ruth E. McKean

HAVE you ever stopped to notice paths? They run along up a hill, over a meadow, through a wood, curving here and there, often for no apparent reason. And we follow the winding route. Odd, when you get thinking about it, isn't it?

Sometimes life is like that, too. We get on the path and blindly follow in and out, back and forth, up and down. Often, very often, the beaten track is best. It's been made just that way by the foresight, by the unselfishness, by the thoughtfulness, yes, even by the blood and sweat and tears of those who went before. That's a good thing to remember. Remember what they've done for us; then stop ourselves and remove for the next fellow an obstacle from life's path.

Not always, though, is the trodden road best. It is for us to branch out, blaze new trails, straighten out the old ones. We hear much about the path of peace. Well, let's take it. We can, if we will, make it straight and sure. Put a shoulder to the wheel here, lend a helping hand there. Really it wouldn't be such a hard job if we each did our own small share. A little courage, a little more willingness to understand the needs and attitudes of others, a little more good will and kindness, these are important. How about trying?

Deceased:

One Dictionary

By B. Mattoon

WEBSTER! Webster! Oh! for the love of Noah. The "P's" are in the "Q's" and the "Q's" are in the "Z's". What tragedy, what remorse, is this—the living monument dedicated to your soul that I behold before me, this ragged, tattered, torn and battered issue that some have nerve enough to call a dictionary? What calamity—how sorrowful you would be if you could see your precious edition in Room 149. How you would stalk and storm and then feel utter desolation at the sight.

In the annals of American History it has been the custom to burn Betsy Ross's creation when it becomes soiled, dirty or ragged. Why then not burn our dictionary, when it too finds itself in this dilapidated state? Was Betsy such a heroine? Were not you as great?

Oh! Webster! Webster—how I moan for thee. They say it is not safe to purchase your book—for no sooner do they present the book to a study-hall, than it is gone. It seems that some poor soul with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, carefully slips (?) it from its dwelling place for his own convenient use. Well, why then not chains—and a stand? Do not merchants chain their city directories? Do not telephone companies chain their books? Are you too proud to stoop to this? Or are they afraid that dictionary, chain and stand, will all go gliding from the room?

Oh! Webster, Webster, if I ever run for President you are assured that my platform will be—A dictionary for every study-hall and a chain for every dictionary.

What a Pal!

By E. Suitor, Jr.

MY father always says that Les will turn out to be a no-good. Mother hates to see him coming, for he invariably manages to find his way into our pantry and then out to the parlor again with his loot, which is usually very crumby, and thus he manages thoroughly to mess up our best rugs. But despite all his faults, despite everything anybody says about him, he is and always will be my best friend.

I'll never forget how Les and I first happened to chum around. I remember our coming out of the gym together, laughing, and kidding each other about how lousy we were on the high bar. But my mind wasn't wholeheartedly set on this horse-play, and I guess Les noticed it, and seeing that it was spring, and having noticed me being sort of dreamy-eyed every geometry period, he put two and two together and arrived at the fact that I'd fallen for the little brunette that sat in front of me.

"Did I tell you that Lois asked me what your name was, the other day?" he asked with a smile. I perked up with interest and wanted to know all about it. That settled the case for Les. I had given myself away. Lois was the little brunette in geometry.

Les and I walked through the side door and out into the warm May air. I offered to treat at cokes, so we headed toward the drug store around the corner. Just as we turned the corner, I stopped dead in my tracks and came tumbling down off my private cloud. There in front of the drug store stood my girl (although she didn't know it yet) talking gaily with that wolf, Norm Brewster! Into my brain rushed one horrible thought—what if he should ask Lois to the Sophomore Hop! I



turned helplessly to Les, and he seemed to understand my woes.

"Go on in and order our sodas," he said. But just as I was going into the drug store, I heard Les say to Norm, "Say, Norm, how's about joining the baseball team this year?" I smiled to myself, for I knew that Norm, although he wasn't much of an athlete, would have to say "yes" because of Lois's being there. I knew, too, that Les would see to it that Norm had so much training to do that I would have Lois all to myself. What a pal!

Well, I took Lois to the Hop, but soon, as all infatuations do, it wore off, and I don't see much of Lois anymore. But Les and I are old and inseparable chums now. Ah, such is life!

"Fast"

By Coralie Howe

BILL WIGGINS, president of the Sitzmark Ski Club, stared in amazement at the half-pint boy who had just christied to a stop beside him. He dumbfoundedly looked back up at the trail, down which the boy had come like a cannonball, and then he looked at his stop-watch.

"W—who are you?" Bill stuttered, "and what were you doing on the trail—don't you know the race starts in two minutes?"

"Just call me 'Fuzzy'," the boy answered, and Bill saw why. A thin shadow of blonde fuzz—not yet a crew-cut, spread over the boy's head. "And I'm fore-runner—or was, now that I'm down."

Bill wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

"How old are you, Fuzzy?"

"Thirteen."

Bill stared again in disbelief. "Do you know you're the youngest person that ever skied the 'Wrecker' Trail? Are you human?"

"Pinch me and you'll find out," Fuzzy retorted, as he started off toward the lodge.

"Wait," Bill called, "Where'd you learn to ski?"

"Center St. Park," the boy called back.

Bill dropped the stopwatch. "Center St. Park," he whispered to himself in a half-stupor, "that's only a ten degree grade—how in the world—"

He wheeled about and picked up the watch, but the amused spectators had to remind him that the first racer could be heard calling "track", and that Bill had better get on the job and time him.

When the race was over, and all the contestants had come down, safely or unsafely, they and the eager onlookers crowded around Bill.

"Who won? What's my time?" they belowered at him.

"I—hate to tell you this," Bill said, eyeing the men, who ranged from early twenties to middle-age, "but your fore-runner beat you all. His time was sixty-two point six seconds, and the closest to that was Jones, of the Sitzmark Club, with sixty-five seconds."

The people smirked. Jones had won the race, but the fore-runner had beaten him.

Jones came forward. "I knew we shouldn't have let that kid join the club. But I guess he's built to be a skier."

"And so are you," someone said caustically, "except that you're five feet ten inches and he's five feet, period!"

The boy called Fuzzy made quite a sensation in the ensuing month. Sports pages featured full length accounts of his prowess and victories. And though Sitzmark Ski Club members were getting quite used to, and very friendly toward their new prodigy, some were beginning to take a defeatist attitude.

For instance, the day the Junior Club race was to be held, no Juniors showed up but Fuzzy, for they all knew who would win, and by so much that what was the use of trying.

Finally the trophy meet for the men in the club rolled around. They were all feeling pretty good, because no one under sixteen could qualify, and that cut Fuzzy out. Naturally, most were quite taken aback, upon reaching the top of the trail, to see Fuzzy standing there.

"Oh," groaned Jones, so-called winner of the race not so long before, "after a climb up the mountain, seeing you at the top is too much of a strain on my heart."

"Yeah," someone else said, "What are you doing up here? You have to be sixteen to race this one."

"I'm racing for the fun of it—Bill Wiggins said he'd time me," Fuzzy answered.



That afternoon the slalom was held, and the next day the cross-country and jumping contests, and Fuzzy entered them all, "just for the fun of it."

Late that afternoon everyone went to the lodge to hear the results. Bill Wiggins stood upon a chair and there was an unusual silence as he prepared to read the time recordings. He cleared his throat. "Jones took first place in the downhill with sixty-six point two—but our little friend Fuzzy made it in sixty-four seconds flat."

No one looked at Jones—they were all admiring the age-disqualified youngster.

"In the slalom," Bill continued, "Jones again—in one minute and fifteen seconds, but Fuzzy did it in fifteen seconds less."

Someone laughed, and then coughed.

Bill went on, "The cross-country was taken by McGuire—seventeen minutes, forty seconds. Fuzzy beat him by almost two minutes. Porter takes the medal for jumping—" Bill

paused, and everyone held his breath, waiting for the inevitable. "—but Fuzzy's combined jumps and form topped that, also."

Jones, McGuire and Porter moved together.

"Say," Jones began, "the next time you see that kid, find out if he's got wings."

McGuire laughed. "I can see him right now, and he's got horns."

The other two looked in the direction of McGuire's gaze. Fuzzy was laboriously filling the three men's mittens with handfuls of snow.

However, the worm turned, but no one knew it was an angleworm, and had much more turn to it than anyone expected.

It was late March, when spring skiing was beginning to dwindle, that the last race was held on the Wrecker Trail. It was open to anyone and everyone in the Sitzmark Ski Club, and naturally everyone expected the fair-haired child to take it without any effort.

The prize was to be fifty dollars in cash, and that seemed good to the confident Fuzzy, who had won, during the season, in unmentioned races, seventy-five dollars worth of unneeded ski equipment, plus enough wax to supply the Arctic ski troops for two winters.

When the race was over, skiers and spectators, as usual, crowded around Bill Wiggins at the bottom of the trail. Some first-aiders were bringing a man down on a toboggan, but even an accident failed to interest the people more than the outcome of the race.

Bill's face looked very grim. "Jones came in first," he said abruptly, "in sixty-eight seconds."

Everyone was startled. "What about Fuzzy?" several asked.

"He—oh—came in fourteenth. His time was two minutes."

The people gasped. Fuzzy gasped. Jones just smiled in a surprised sort of way. "Whatsa matter, kid," he said to Fuzzy, "Poor sport?"

"Course not," Fuzzy said, "but I'll be square-knotted and half-hitched if it took me two minutes to get down that cow-path." Perplexed, he followed the crowd down to the lodge, where the prize was to be awarded.

Bill Wiggins and some other officials went into the office to do some last minute timing and figuring, while the crowd milled about in the smoke-filled warming-room, congratulating Jones, questioning Fuzzy and consoling the accident case lying on a bench.

Suddenly the office door burst open, and Bill rushed out. "We've just discovered a mistake, folks," he shouted.

Everyone turned, open-mouthed.

Bill went on, "They started Fuzzy a minute late at the top, so they could get the fellow with the broken arm off the trail.

WANTED!!

By Elaine L. Paduano

I

Wanted—a world peace that's lasting and bright,

With nations that are united for right.

Wanted—men that will fight and be strong,
'Neath the banner of truth against wrong,

To join in the ranks of Peace.

II

Wanted—men that can always think clear,
Men whose teachings will never bring fear.

Wanted—decisions that have been made,
With all exchanging ideas to aid,

To join in the ranks of Peace.

III

Wanted—young Christians who're always true blue,

Who always are willing to champion the few,
Come on, young friends, there is need of you

To join in the ranks of Peace.

That not only makes our Fuzzy winner, but he's broken the record on the Wrecker Trail—in sixty seconds flat".

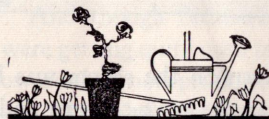
For a moment there was dumbfounded silence, then buzzing, then cheering. Somebody lifted Fuzzy up to the table top while Bill ran excitedly for the fifty-dollar note.

"Well, Fuzzy," he said, "now that the skiing season is about over, what do you expect to do this spring and summer?"

"Take that fifty dollar bill with me to Florida," Fuzzy laughed.

"Florida," someone laughed, "Florida for Fuzzy? Haw, haw, haw! Can you picture the great skier in Florida?"

"Whassa matter?" Fuzzy asked, "Maybe there isn't any snow there—but did you ever hear of skiing on sand and water?"



SPRING FEVER

By Earl Suitor, Jr.

Truly the sky seems glad to wear

Its cloak of tenderest blue.

Oh! Sol beams down, and laughs at clouds,

That try to block his view.

And while the crocus chorus sways

Before a gentle breeze,

Spring fever starts. Contagious? Yes!

But not a dread disease.

But I propose its name be changed—

Not "fever", but "spring joy".

For the only cause of rising temp

Is the heat the sun deploys!

Autographs

By E. Suitor, Jr.

"SAY, look at this! Why, I haven't seen this little book since we moved two years ago, and now it turns up in that pile of old pillow-cases. 'Class Autographs', uh-huh.

"Heh! This verse here is pretty good but I'll be darned if I can make out who wrote it. Do I know anyone by the name of Alyrkaw Prblezke? Well, that's what it looks like.

"Look at this one—'Success during the coming year.' Oh boy, what a beautiful sentiment. Get that—'during the coming year'. She doesn't care if I turn out to be a no-good bum after that, just as long as I'm a success during the coming year!

"Oh, you don't really want to look at the next page, do you? Let's skip over it and go on to the next one. Look, it's by my old math teacher at—what? You still want to see what's on that other page? Now look, it's only a plain old autograph like any of the rest, except that it's by a girl I used to know. See? I can't help what it says; she wrote it, not me!

"Here's one written by my old pal, Paul Lester. Who's he? Don't ask me, but he must be my old pal. That's what he's got written here. 'From your old—'oh, you've already got it, huh?

'A dashing young poet named Suitor
Serenaded Miss Munn with his tooter,

Though the music was hot

A well-aimed flower pot'

Served to silence the tooter of Suitor.

"Now that's the best one in the whole lot! Such a beautiful thing should be brought forth for the whole world to admire and marvel at. What a masterpiece! What an exquisite cadence! And notice that cleverly arranged wording, building up to such a stupendous climax! What? You thought it was lousy, huh? Oh, well.

"You know, as I read over these autographs, it sort of makes me feel sad to think of

all those many years I spent in ignorance of the fact that they were the happiest years of my life. But now with old age creeping on, there are so many things I wish I'd done in those carefree days of my childhood. But now, ah me, 'tis over, 'tis over. Ye gods, do you realize that next year I'll be a senior?"

Guidance Department

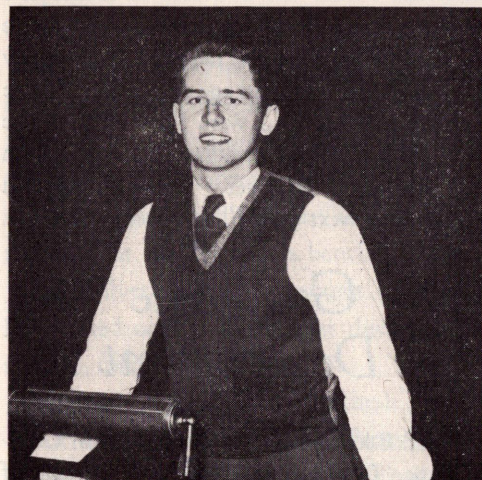
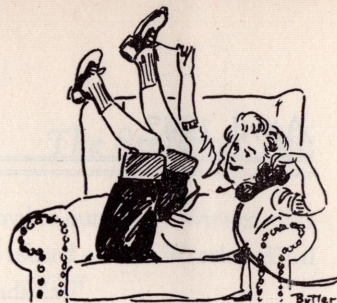
By Richard Sukel

THE Educational and Occupational Guidance Department under the direction of Mr. Charles Murphy, is again this year, as in the past years, doing a great job in aiding the students of Pittsfield High School to select courses in high school work that will help them after they have graduated.

Most of the students realize the necessity for this department. However, there are a number of students who are not wholly familiar with its function. It endeavors to place every student in the proper course needed for the type of work he intends to do when he leaves school. A six year guidance plan is now being used starting in the seventh grade. It is followed through until the pupil leaves high school or college and enters a field of occupation. Conferences were recently held with leaders in their respective occupational and professional fields leading discussions with the pupils.

Mr. Murphy has been with this department for one and one-half years. His assistants, known as teacher-counsellors, are: Sophomores: Mr. Reagan and Miss Millett; Juniors: Mr. C. McMahon and Mrs. Beahan; Seniors: Mr. Goodwin and Miss Parker; Vocational: Mr. Willbrandt and Mr. Willis.

Who's Who



MR. PRESIDENT

We give you the President of the Class of 1947, Martin Flynn. Marty has also been on the Student Council for two years and a member of both the football and hockey teams. His favorite pastime is sports of all kinds and his pet peeves are algebra and dancing. To make him happy just give him a piece of pineapple pie with ice cream!! In the fall he hopes to enter Brown University where he will study Business Administration.



"ENERGETIC EDDIE"

Presenting Edwin Maska. This snappy senior is President of our Student Council and Chairman of Class Day. Due to his quick thinking and pleasant personality Eddie has won many a friendship in his three years at P.H.S. His favorite interests are football, hunting, and fishing. (Mermaids, Eddie?) For a delicacy give Eddie a piece of banana cream pie and he's happy. His ambition is to become a chemical engineer.



POPULAR GAL

She has a finger in everything that goes on at P. H. S. That's Jacqueline Gagnier. She's secretary of the Senior Class, a member of the Student Council, Secretary of two honor study halls, co-editor of Who's Who for year book, and President of Beta-Tri-Hi-Y (Wow!) Besides these she's Alumni Editor for THE PEN. She doesn't dislike anything, but she does particularly like pop corn and hamburgers. After graduation Jackie plans to study to be a beautician.

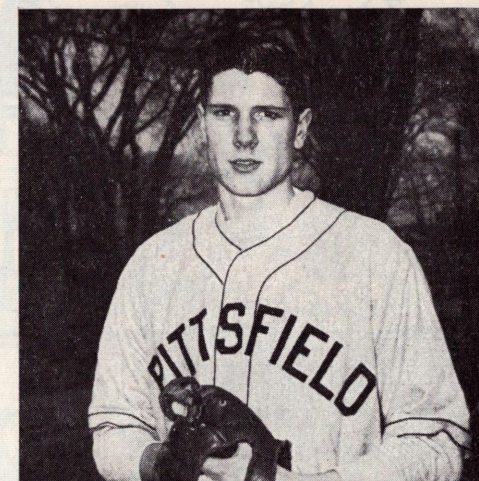
April, 1947

15

CAPTAIN ELECT

Here, students, is Art Ditmar. Aside from captaining the baseball team, he is a star pitcher on it as well, and an able center on our champion basketball team. He is a member of Senior Hi-Y and a Home Room Representative.

Art says he's scouting around for a good cook (with blue eyes, of course!!) His list of favorites includes spaghetti, "To Each His Own", and dreaming away the time at the Sugar Bowl. His main ambition is to become a Major League baseball player.



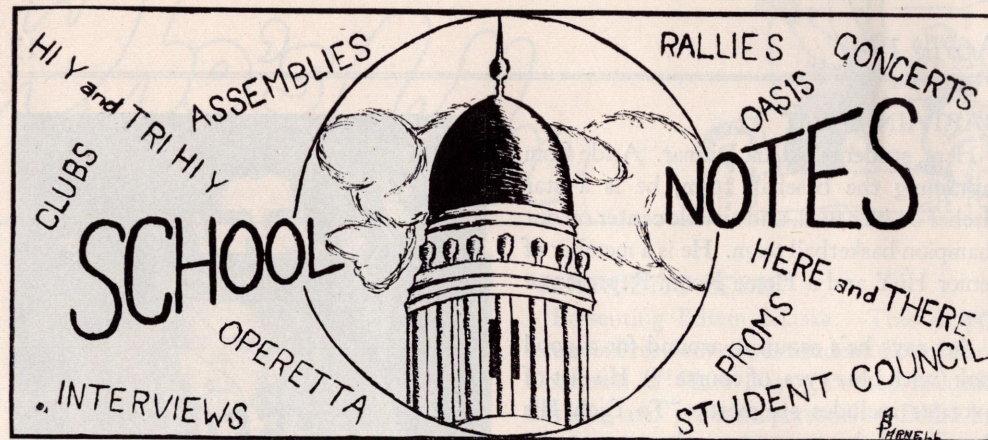
BIG SHOT

Here, folks, is Warren ("Bobo") Bouchaine, the little big shot of P.H.S. and three year manager of the athletic activities. Sports of course are his main interest with baseball rating first. This energetic senior is also a member of the Senior Hi-Y. His favorite food is steak, so take heed; his favorite gripe, nothing at all! After completing school "Bobo's" strong ambition is to become a coach.

PERSONALITY PLUS

Introducing John Trasatti, that shy member of the senior class, recently chosen co-chairman of the Banquet Committee of the Senior Prom. For recreation, Johnny prefers dancing and as for school, his favorite period is the third in 212, while English—well, that's a different story. After graduation he would like to go to college or even be manager of the Mohican! As for girls, his only statement was, "Oh, they're O.K." Behind his quiet exterior we find a most engaging personality.





PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL CAREER CONFERENCES

During the week of March 24, the Guidance Department held a highly successful career conference. Over twelve hundred pupils and thirty-seven speakers took part in a discussion of various vocations and the opportunities in the business, industrial, and professional fields. Leading the discussions were:

Drafting, Apprentice, Toolmaking, Engineering Ass't: Mr. Kenneth Wollender, Mr. John Fairs; Chemical Engineering, Plastics: Mr. E. L. Raab; Electrical Engineering: Mr. Carl A. Beers; Mechanical Engineering: Mr. William Hurt, Jr.; Radio-Electronics: Mr. F. H. Judkins; Secretary: Mrs. Grace MacIntosh; Beautician: Esther H. Estes; Civil Engineering: Mr. William J. Hurley; Fashion Model: Mrs. Gloria Cushman Warren; Doctor of Medicine: N. N. Copeland, M.D.; Nursing, etc.: Miss Mildred E. Schwier, R.N.; Laboratory Technician: Miss Elizabeth Foley; Photography: Mr. George Henzel; Teaching: Mr. Grover C. Bowman; Accounting Bkkeeping: Mr. Frederick Chant; Journalism: Mr. Lawrence K. Miller; U. S. Navy: Chief Riduka; Physical Instructor: Mr. John T. Carmody; Commercial Art: Miss Phyllis Riehl; Veterinary: Dr. Daniel Collins; Telephone operator office: Mr. Franklin V. Moulton; Radio-Television: Mr. Dan Healey; Auto Mechanics: Mr. Henry Simkin; Building Construc. Mr. Ernest J. Cramer; Law: Mr.

James M. Rosenthal; U. S. Army: Sgt. Edw. Callahan; Air Transportation: Mr. John A. Heaton; Machinist: Mr. Woodward May; Interior Decorator: Mr. Walter Schnee; Librarian: Mr. Robert Newman; Retail Sales: Miss Bertha Yager; Theatre: Mr. William Powell; Home Economist: Miss Priscilla Porterfield; Civil Service: Mr. Almon Roche; Music: Mr. F. Carl Gorman; Forestry: Mr. Richard Ashton.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On Friday, May 16 the Girls' Glee Club, will give a concert made up of the following selections: "Still as the Night"—Boehm, "God of All Nature" from Andante Cantabile, 5th Symphony—Tschaiakowsky, "May-day Dance"—Lacome, "Sanctus" from Saint Cecilia Mass—Gounod, "Has Thou Seen That Fair Land" from "Mignon"—Thomas, "Olaf Trygfason"—Grieg. The second part of the program will consist of selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore" sung by the original cast. Both vocal and instrumental solos will hold a prominent part in the program.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The three big events in the life of a senior are now in preparation. Edwin Maska and his committee are in full swing, with plans for Class Day, which is to be June 10. The theme will be "Gay Nineties." The Senior Class banquet and prom under the supervision of Brendan O'Hearn and John Trasatti, is to be held at the Sheraton Hotel June 11. Last but not most important is Commencement, which is to be June 15.



OFFICERS OF CLASS OF 1948
Left to right—Joan Dennison, Treasurer; Virginia Ditmar, Girl Vice-President; Americo Contenta, President; Dominic Dizenzo, Boy Vice-President; Jean Lowery, Secretary.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

In the Junior Class elections, held March 21, Americo Contenta, a Vocational student, was chosen president. The other officers include: Virginia Ditmar, girl vice-president; Dominic Dizenzo, boy vice-president; Jean Lowery, secretary; and Joan Dennison, treasurer.

The organization of the Junior Class began March 6 at a meeting held in the auditorium under the supervision of Miss Margaret Kaliher, its new advisor, who explained the method of election and distributed nomination papers to those wishing to run for office.

Primary elections were held on March 19 during an "A" period. The city voting machines were used, and under the capable direction of City Clerk John J. Fitzgerald, Miss Kaliher, and the election committee, the voting was easy, time-saving, and fun. The voting machines were also used in the final election, March 21.

The election committee was made up of volunteers from the Junior Class and consisted of the following students: checkers, Carolyn Liparace, Nancy Federico, Francis Sumy and Edward Strauss; directors, Dorothy Levinsky, Barbara Stickles and Selma Garbowit; machine attendants, Rhoda Weiss, Eileen Zempel, Arlene Bookless, Margaret Kelley and Marilyn Garity; one runner, William Steel.

The Junior Class met with its new officers on March 27 to decide the future government of the class. At this time, May 23 was announced as the date of the Junior Prom. A Class Council to be composed of one girl and one boy from each junior home room was proposed and approved by the members of the class. This council was given the power of electing chairmen of committees that will be needed during the year. Class dues were discussed and the majority of those present voted to pay thirty-five cents monthly into



JUNIORS CAST THEIR BALLOTS
FOR CLASS OFFICERS

the class treasury starting April 1.

At a meeting of the Junior Class Council on April 2, Mary Granfield and Warren Preble were chosen co-chairmen of the Junior Prom Committee. Joan Tierney was selected to be chairman of the Ring Committee and Jean Travers was elected chairman of the Good-Will Committee.

ASSEMBLIES

The Red Cross provided us with two films last month. First on March 6 we saw one showing the relief work still carried on by this society at home and abroad. Then on the fourteenth another was shown stressing swimming and boating safety.

On March 12, Bert Harwell, representative of the National Audubon Society, presented an interesting program here. His colored movies of Western wildfowl were made even more enjoyable by his clever imitations of bird calls.

HERE AND THERE

Miss Daly can't figure out why Jack Horri-gan was blushing so in Spanish class. Well, Jack?

What was the auction going on in a certain English class? Who now calls himself the second Basil Risedale?

Ask "Carrot" O'Hearn what he learned from the "Army"! By the way, we just love "Carrot's" "rosey" blush!!

We wonder what made Bruce Williams so hungry during 2nd period Latin! Could it have been the power of suggestion, Miss Rhoades?

Was it perhaps Jimmy Agar Mr. Gorman was grunting at in band the other day? If so, why, Jimmy?

Why is it people are sent to Millie Barnes for "information, please", when the conversation turns to "stairs"?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BOYS

MARY McCARTHY—Physically they're men; mentally they're infants.

MILDRED BARNES—Well, now—!

IRENE MINDLIN—They talk too much, say too little, and never mean a word of it.

LORRAINE NORTHWOOD—Not much; I like them "Al" lot.

FLORENCE LOYNES—I "Don" know.

JANET ELLIS—Mummm!??

THELMA COE—They're too fickle.

NANCY ALVORD—Plenty, thank goodness!

BETTY BIANCHI—Self-centered!! except one!

FAY CARSON—They always claim they're right.

JANE HARRIGAN—Hard to understand, but nice to know.

JOAN TIERNEY—You mean they have faults?

PENNY MUELLER—Temper, temper!

MARY ZACCARI—They're hateful, especially Harry.

TRI-HI NEWS

There are big goings-on at the Y on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Beta girls are resting on their laurels after a successful Sadie Hawkins dance. However they have not been idle, for a theatre party and a mother-daughter banquet have taken place, and plans are developing for a hay-ride.

Sigma Gals had a swimming party and are now planning a spaghetti supper.

Zeta repeated its annual card party and made it the success it always is.

Delta enjoyed a speaker and also a visit with Dalton Tri-Hi-Y. They also had a basketball game with Alpha.

Gamma participated in one of those socials with Torch and a swimming party was also part of their program.

At the Wakefield Conference Pittsfield Tri-Hi-Y's were well represented. Barbara Rosa was elected secretary of the conference for next year.



MEET THE FACULTY
MRS. JAMES W. BEAHAN

Teachers are human! At least Mrs. James W. Beahan is! This interesting teacher, as Counsellor to the girls of the Class of 1948, is no stranger to the Junior girls. This article is to introduce her to the rest of the students.

Mrs. Beahan is a graduate of Smith College, where she majored in German. She also studied at Simmons College, Harvard College, and Boston University. Since coming to Pittsfield in 1936, she has taught shorthand and typewriting.

Tops on her list of likes are reading and lobster (with all the trimmings—umm!) Even a good-natured teacher is entitled to a pet peeve. Mrs. Beahan's is "people who can, and do chew gum faster than they can type-write"—of course, there is nobody like that in her 5th period class, or is there???

Mrs. Beahan finds the students of P.H.S. a little above average, and very pleasant to work with, and the students find Mrs. Beahan the same.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

ANNE BOSSIDY—"All the world is a stage . . . and I'm just a little ol' floor board."

RITA WOLFE—"I came, I saw, I left." (Caesare, ha!)

PAUL BOUSQUET—"I love my wife, but oh you . . . Mmmmm . . . On second look, I love my wife!"

"BABS" CALDER—"Money is the root of all evil, but *please* don't take it away!"

HELEN GIFTOS—"To go or not to go. (to geometry). That is the question."

"FRAN" GIARDINA—"Give me liberty, or give me death. No! No! Don't shoot!"

MARCIA ROSEN—"Somebody said it couldn't be done. They were right! It can't!"

"EL" DICENZO—"Life is just a bowl of cherries, but *gosh*, there's an awful lot of pits!"

MARION BRUNI—"Please give me something to remember you by . . . like a few little 'A's'!!"

"CONNIE" DOUILLET—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?—Yes!"



THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB IN SESSION

By John Stebbins, '48

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

In connection with "I've Always Loved You", a club picture for March, phonograph records telling of incidents about the music heard in the movie were secured. The records were heard at the meeting, before the club discussion was led by Joan Holleran. The picture was rated three and one half stars.

Nancy Knoblock directed the interest in "Till the Clouds Roll By", an April picture which was rated four stars.

Later in March, the club voted the ten best movies of the year. At the following meeting, Larry Parks and Olivia De Havilland were chosen as the best actor and actress of the year for their parts in "The Jolson Story" and "To Each His Own" respectively.

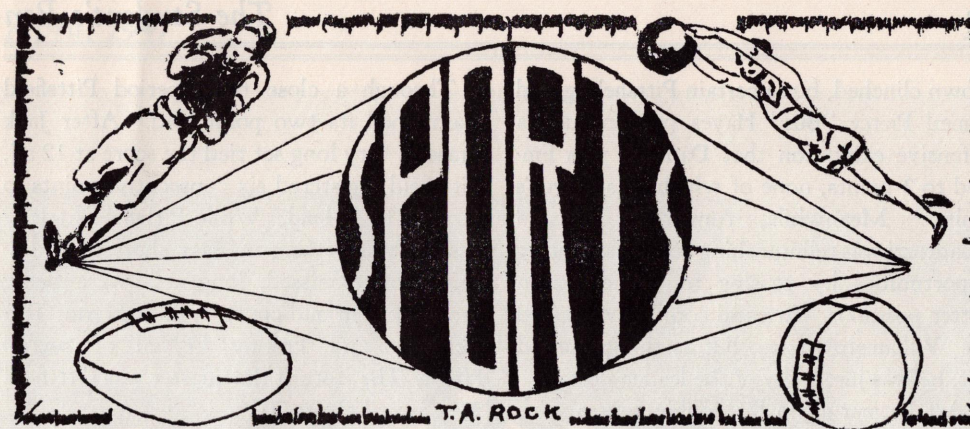
Richard Hamilton, discussion leader, with the able assistance of Marjorie Jones, Carol Wheeler, and Robert Lauth, devised an interesting program based on "The Beginning of the End", the other movie for March. It was rated three stars. Miss Jones's topic con-

cerned the training of fliers for the dropping of the bomb, Miss Wheeler's the authenticity of the portrayal of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, and Robert Lauth gave brief accounts of the lives of some of the scientists who worked on the bomb. In Richard Hamilton's discussion were many interesting anecdotes about atomic bombs.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has a somewhat varied program. It had a print competition to which members brought snapshots that were rated by other club members. It has also had two nights of movies with both sound and silent films. At the second night of motion pictures instruction was given on the operation of the school movie projector.

The program committee has been enlarged and now includes Richard Fillio, Lois Younger, Lillian Reedy and William Dunham along with the original members, Sanford Shepardson, Americo Contenta, John Stebbins, Aaron Thomas and Dorothy Ellis.



PITTSFIELD 46—SEARLES 39

By Charles Bordeau

Pittsfield High's basketball team won the Berkshire County Championship and the right to play in the Western Massachusetts Basketball Tournament by making it two straight wins over Searles in the county play-off series.

In the first period, led by the sharp-shooting of Armand Quadrozzi, Pittsfield sprang to an 8 to 0 lead. As everybody at the State Armory sat back expecting Pittsfield to breeze home with the county title on the strength of their early minute success Searles came back to make the score 8 to 6 at the quarter. Not stopping their attack, the Southern Berkshire Champs ran their string to nine points and took a one-point lead. Momentarily stunned by this attack, Pittsfield recovered its poise, and the half ended in their favor 18 to 13.

With Art Ditmar and Don Kasuba controlling the backboards, Pittsfield managed to obtain a 31-30 lead at the third quarter mark. Led by the sharp-shooting of Armand Quadrozzi, Pittsfield continued to strengthen its lead. With less than six minutes left in the game, Pittsfield led 37 to 20.

The seemingly peaceful atmosphere was shattered by the most spirited last ditch attack of the season. Led by Jimmy Del Grande, Searles cut Pittsfield's lead from seventeen to four points. With less than two minutes left Pittsfield led 41 to 37. Bus Hayes broke the attack by scoring a foul, and

two seconds later after intercepting a pass, he scored a layup. Pittsfield won 46 to 39.

Captain Quadrozzi had 22 points and Jimmy Del Grande of Searles had 17. Don Kasuba and Art Ditmar had 6 each, Bus Hayes 5, and Bud Cauffman 4.

P. H. S. WINS N. B. TITLE, 45-26

By James Dillon

Climaxing a sensational, eleven-game winning streak which carried them from cellar to top, Pittsfield High School's court squad copped their first North Berkshire championship in four years with a smashing win over a stubborn Williamstown outfit on February 21. Ironically enough, their opponents in this final contest were a team that had also climbed close to the top in recent games, and could have knocked the Foxmen into a tie for the lead with Adams had they been victorious.

The 18-14 half-time score had every Purple fan in the packed Armory biting his fingernails, but true to Mr. Fox's tradition, his charges smashed back to a 24-21 lead at the third quarter mark. Then, following Bobo Quadrozzi's basket and Clarence King's free throw, P. H. S. proceeded to ice the game with a nine-point chain. Featured in this drive were two baskets by Ditmar, one by Cauffman, and a hoop and foul shot by A. Quadrozzi.

Entering the game with a 16 point lead over his nearest rival, Bill Danaher of Williamstown seemingly had the league scoring

crown clinched, but a certain Pittsfield guard named Pierce "Bus" Hayes put on such a defensive exhibition that Danaher was limited to 3 points, none of which was Hayes's fault. Meanwhile, runner-up Armand Quadrozzi was relinquishing countless scoring opportunities by passing to teammates in better positions. Armand could have passed the Williamstown ace, but as things turned out, he was just 3 shy of the leader's total.

Art Ditmar again hit double figures with 11 markers, while Bill Quadrozzi and Don Kasuba tallied 4 and 3, respectively. Hayes found time to score 3 points himself, while carrying on his Danaher-blanketing duties. Horace "Bud" Cauffman proved conclusively that he knows how to make points as he racked up 8 of them on four clean-set shots, three of which came in the final period.

Joe Como, the Collegetowners' veteran guard, accounted for 8 points, but failed to score in the second half. Al Hart and Clarence King had 6 each for the losers.

SACRED HEART 31—PITTSFIELD 27

By Charles Bordeau

The Berkshire County Champions were dealt a serious defeat in their bid to gain a place in the Western Massachusetts School-boy Basketball Tournament. On March third before a packed cage at Massachusetts State College in Amherst Pittsfield's victorious basketball team failed to extend their 13 game winning streak. One major factor was responsible for the defeat—the poor shooting of the losers.

In the first period, Pittsfield's only match for Tim Kennedy's basket and two foul shots plus Franny O'Neil's push shot, was three conversions by lanky center Art Ditmar. In the second period Pittsfield took the lead on a layup by "Bobo" Quadrozzi, a foul shot by Armand, a neat pivot by "Bud" Cauffman and sets by Armand Quadrozzi and Art Ditmar.

The half ended with Pittsfield leading 12 to 10.

Through a close third period Pittsfield maintained its two point lead. After Jack Brassil's very long set tied the score at 12 all, Pittsfield registered six consecutive points to take an 18-12 lead. While Pittsfield's tricky passing was setting up easy shots only destined to be missed, long sets were being dropped from mid court by Jack Flynn, Tim Kennedy and Franny O'Neil of Sacred Heart. The score at the quarter was Pittsfield 22—Sacred Heart 20.

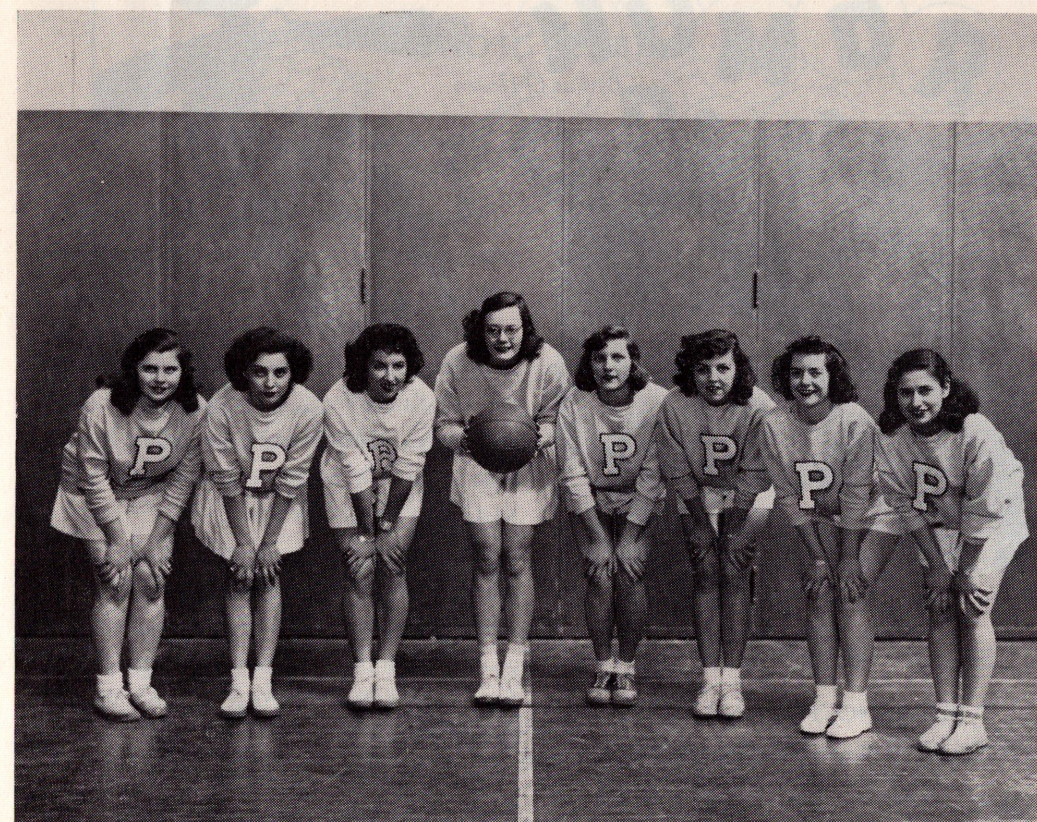
Another long set by Jack Brassil tied the score at 22 all. A foul shot and two lay ups put Sacred Heart ahead 27 to 22. Baskets by Quadrozzi and Kasuba plus a foul shot by Bus Hayes tied the score at 27 all. With less than two minutes left, Tim Kennedy intercepted an out-of-bounds pass and scored on a layup. Jack Brassil put the game on ice with his third long set. The Holyoke team won 31 to 27.

BASEBALL TUNEUP

By Charles R. Bordeau

With the Northern Berkshire County Baseball League getting underway two weeks earlier than in previous seasons, Coach Fox put his pitching and catching staff through early workouts even before windy March had completely diminished. Captain Art Ditmar heads the mound staff, with Dick Pucko showing more than average ability for a sophomore. Armand Quadrozzi and Bob Murray are the only southpaws in the field. At least one left-handed hurler will be needed during the current season.

Pre-season indications are that there will be a hard-fought race for the County title by the two Pittsfield rivals in the League. St. Joseph's is boasting of a veteran team with a fast-baller equalled nowhere in any pitching staff. This editor's prediction, which is, of course, impartial, is that the Purple will once again take the title in spite of the immense talent that the boys from Maplewood Avenue will put on the field.



1947 BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Left to right—Beth Harrington, Roslyn Feldstein, Rosemary Eagan, Mildred Barnes, Captain, Barbara Komuniecki, Rosemary Elworthy, Joan Hassett, Marilyn Reder.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The basketball tournament started on March 31 with a bang and continued through April 8.

Once again the seniors took the title of "Champions". Although the sophomores are a strong and very promising team, they couldn't, try as they might, vanquish the excellent senior team.

The results of the games are as follows:

Seniors	35	Juniors	25
Sophomores	25	Juniors	15
Seniors	33	Sophomores	26
Seniors	28	Juniors	14
Sophomores	13	Juniors	6
Seniors	31	Sophomores	24

The points scored by the forwards of the three classes in the entire tournament are:

Seniors

Mildred Barnes 92	Ann Helliwell 23
Beth Harrington 12	

Juniors

Jean Keefe 24	Barbara Gould 6
Ginny Ditmar 22	Rose DeAngelus 4
Marjorie Leahy 4	

Sophomores

Norma Fitch 43	Irene Najchowiski 16
Ilene Najchowiski 23	Elaine Thebodo 4
Joan Eagan 2	

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Pat O'Hearn



STAR BOWLERS

Barbara Jones Betty Bianchi
Barbara Komuniecki

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

This year's bowling tournament had forty-seven enthusiastic bowlers who took part in the preliminaries. Of those forty-seven, the following girls scored highest: Barbara Jones 195, Eleanor Quinn 190, Mildred Barnes 185, Barbara Helliwell 185, Barbara Komuniecki 184, Ann Helliwell 177, Mary Lynch 176, Azoa Croshier 170, Betty Bianchi 167, Therese Ginthwain 165, Mary McCarthy 162, and Irene Allessio 162.

The final playoff was held among this group of thirteen. Barbara Komuniecki, who took the top honors with a score of 181, will be awarded a letter for her fine showing. Trailing by only one point was Barbara Jones bowling 180, and two points behind her came Betty Bianchi with 178. These girls will receive numerals for their excellence.

BASKETBALL TEAMS

By Pat O'Hearn

With the Round Robin basketball tournament completed, teams were chosen for the inter-class playoffs.

The strong senior team consisted of Rosemary Eagan, Joan Hassett, Roslyn Feldstein, Barbara Komuniecki, and Rosemary Elworthy, guards; Beth Harrington, Millie Barnes, Ann Helliwell, Marilyn Reder, and Mary McCarthy, forwards.

The junior team included Lois Nagelschmidt, Gloria De Pietro, Marjorie Sununu, Alma Rosenfield, and Jane Cazavelan as guards. Virginia Ditmar, Marjorie Leahy, Jane Keefe, Rose DeAngelus, and Barbara Gould, forwards.

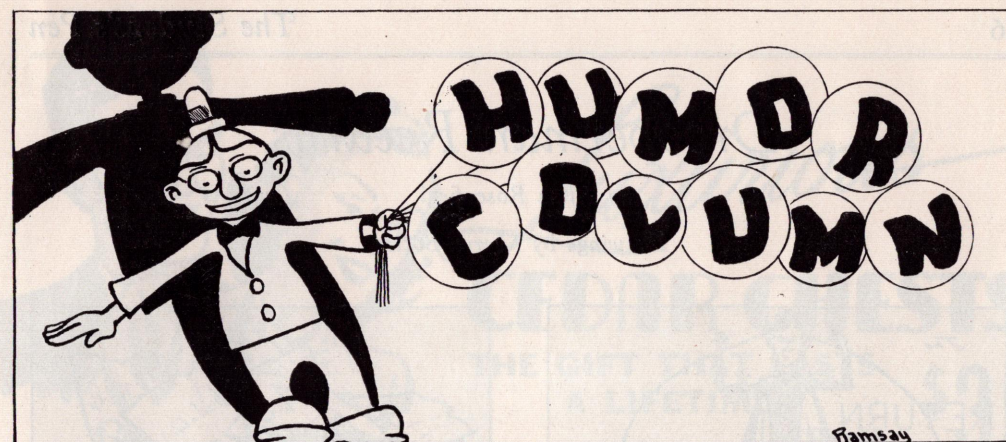
The sophomore contenders were Norma Fitch, Irene Najchowski, Ilene Najchowski, Elaine Thebodo, and Joan Eagan as forwards. Phyllis Lisi, Norma Carosso, Kitty Nichola, Barbara Macwhinnie, Dolores Aptacy, and Dorothy Metallo, the guards.

COMING ATTRACTION

The annual badminton tournament will be held in the month of May. Girls who practised last fall, as well as any one who wishes, may sign up for the tournament the week after vacation.

The games will be doubles only, and the winning couple will be awarded letters, with the runners-up receiving numerals.

Now is your chance, girls, seniors especially, to win a letter or a numeral which you can proudly wear on your jersey or jacket this summer.



Mr. J. McMahon: "We were surrounded by natives. They uttered savage cries and beat the ground with clubs."

Dick P.: "Golfers, probably!"

Miss Morgan: "Why shouldn't you drink coffee in the morning?"

Marge Sullivan: "Because if I did, it'd keep me awake in class!"

"Tell the truth, Nancy," asked a curious senior. "Did you ever catch your boy friend flirting?"

"I certainly did. That's just *how* I caught him."

"Now, John," said Miss Hodges, "give me a sentence using the word 'archaic'."

"We can't have archaic and eat it, too," replied Shy.

"Mr. Debacher, can you give me the definition of guerrilla warfare?" asked Miss Kaliher.

"Sure thing," said Don. "Gorilla warfare is when the sides get up to monkey tricks."

Miss Rhodes: "When Archimedes leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka! I have found it!' what did he mean?"

Bruce Williams: "The soap."

Jones: "Miss Kaliher, I can't stay in class today—I don't feel well."

Miss Kaliher: "That's too bad. Where don't you feel well?"

Jones: "In class."

B. Mattoon: "I have a typewriter—it it doesn't write under water; it doesn't write up in the atmosphere, nor the stratosphere."

M. Reder: "Well then, where does it write?"

B. Mattoon: "It writes 'Underwood'! Ha! Ha!"

M. Reder: "Ohhhh! Open the *doorrr*, Richard!"

When Miss Pfeiffer was explaining deductive reasoning to a class she said:

"Now let us take as a general truth the statement: All birds have wings . . ."

Voice from rear of room: "Not jailbirds, Miss Pfeiffer."

Norman Najimy: "Chuck, can you lend me a dime?"

Charles Benz: "Don't bother me now. I'll give it to you later."

Norman Najimy: "Oh no, I can't let you do that."

Charles Benz: "Huh? Why not?"

Norman Najimy: "You can't imagine how much money I've lost— — giving credit like that!"

You've seen your report card

Like most in the town,
And have shown it to dad—

Bet you can't sit down.

Bobby: "Gee, I'm awfully hungry."

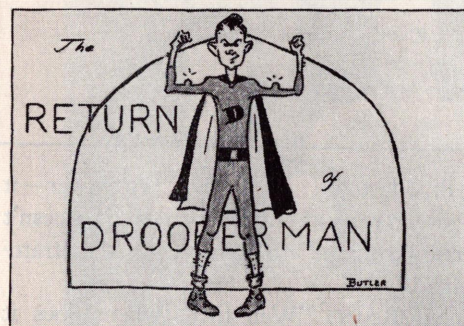
Betty: "What did you have for dinner?"

Bobby: "Company!"

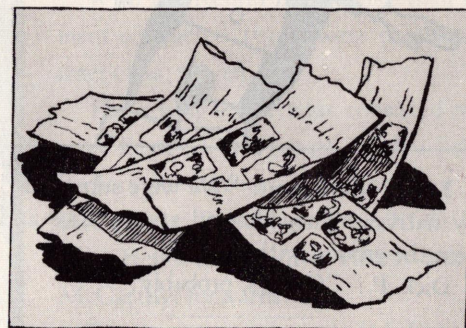
Drooperman Returns

By Alma Rosenfield

Drawings by Mariel Butler

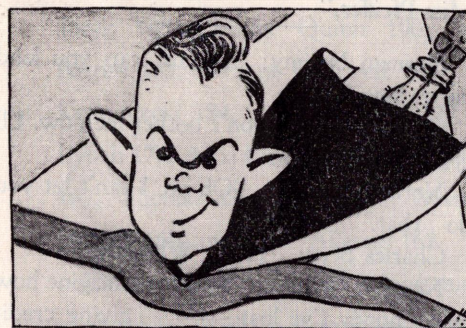


1. At last our hero, he of the bulging biceps and muscle-bound head, he who during the Scotch shortage sang "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," he whose absence has been mourned by Pittsfield High students for many years and after this issue will probably be mourned for many more, is back.



2. Yes, Drooperman is the only human being (and I apologize for such blasphemy) who can save the day.

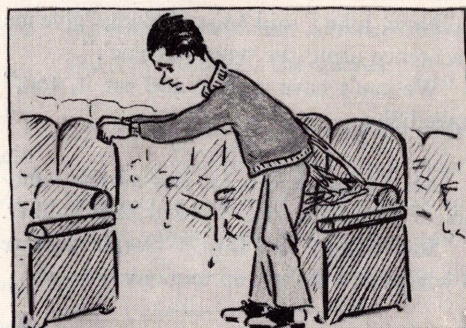
Recently many sophs have been injured by slipping down behind the seats in assembly. Even the bubble-gum wrappers on the floor around them could not cushion the fall.



3. Drooperman, flying through the spotlight hole in the auditorium, arrives at the scene of the disaster.

As he scratches his head and bites his finger nails, his eyes fall upon the gum wrappers.

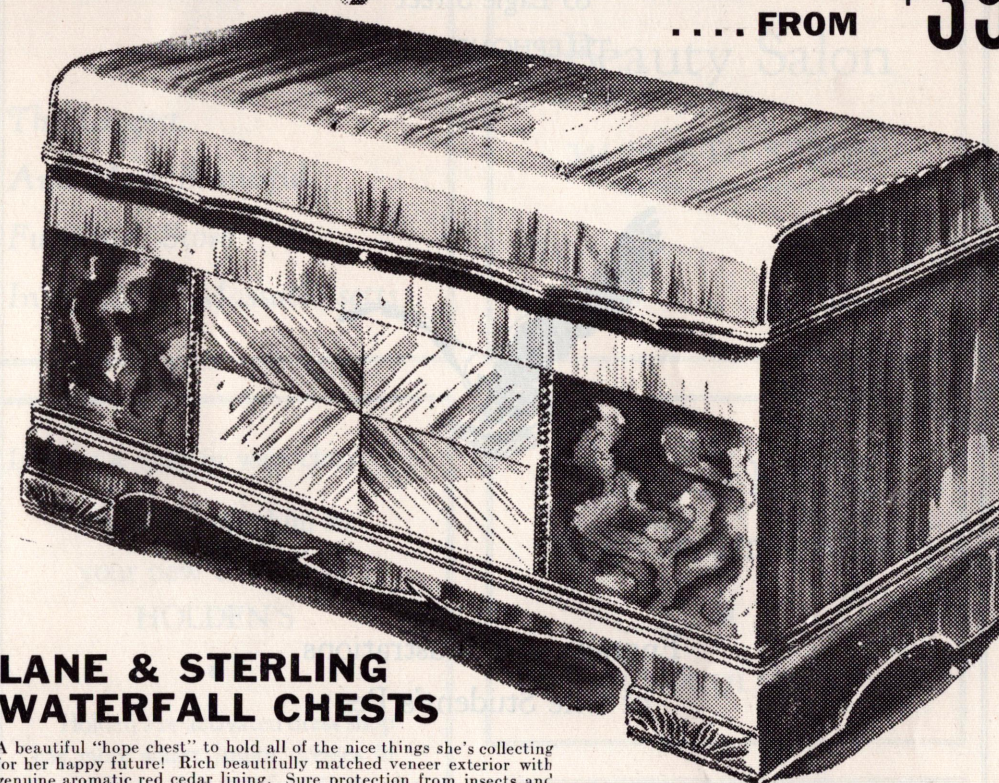
After reading the jokes on the inside, he exclaims, "I have it (and rot mumps)."



4. Drooperman has saved his little friends by stuffing the space around the seats with that rare commodity—bubble gum. There is only one drawback, and it certainly is a drawback. The students are now having trouble when they try to rise from their chairs.



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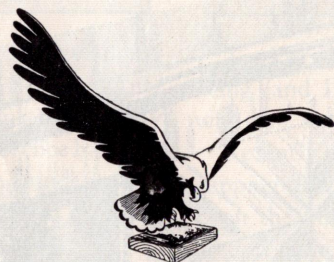
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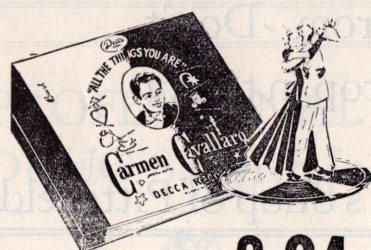
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